

My Cousin Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne:  
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,  
But that necessity so bow'd the State,  
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kisse.)  
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)  
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,  
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,  
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,  
And the diuision of our Amities.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,  
Figuring the nature of the Times decaid:  
The which obseru'd, a man may prophesie  
With a neere ayne, of the maine chance of things,  
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes  
And weake beginnings lye entreaured:  
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;  
And by the necessarie forme of this,  
King Richard might create a perfect guesse,  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater fallenesse,  
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,  
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?  
Then let vs meete them like Necessities:  
And that same word, euen now cries out on vs:  
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland  
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord):  
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,  
The numbers of the feared: Please it your Grace  
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)  
The Pow'rs that you already haue sent forth,  
Shall bring this Prize in very easily:  
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued  
A certaine instance, that Glendour is dead:  
Your Maieslie hath bene this fortnight ill,  
And these vnseason'd howtes perforce must adde  
Vnto your Sicknesse:

King. I will take your counsaile:  
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,  
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy Land.

### Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldie, Shadow, and  
Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your  
Hand, Sir: giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by  
the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?  
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter  
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin William  
is become a good Scholler: hee is at Oxford still, is hee  
not?

Sil. Indeepe Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I  
was once of Clements Inne; where (I thinke) they will  
talke of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done  
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and  
little Iohn Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Part,  
and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Squele a Cor-fal-man, you  
had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of  
Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where  
the Bona-Roba's were, and had the best of them all at  
commanement. Then was Iacke Falstaffe (now Sir Iohn)  
a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Nor-

Sil. This Sir Iohn (Cousin) that comes hither anon a-

Shal. The same Sir Iohn, the very same: I saw him  
breake Scoggin's Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was  
a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight  
with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behinde Greys  
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see  
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: tis certaine: very sure, very sure:  
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye: How a good Yoke  
of Bullocks at Stamford Payre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine: tis old Double of your Towne  
liuing yet: and I haue heard that hee was at the Court  
of Bullocks at Stamford Payre.

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and  
dead? hee shot a fine shoote. Iohn of Gaunt loued  
him well, and beere much Money on his head. Dead?  
hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and  
carried you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and four-  
teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart  
good to see: How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes  
may be worth teine pounds.

Shal. And is olde Double dead?

Sil. Heere come two of Sir Iohn Falstaffes Men (as I  
thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow (Sir) a poore Esquire of this  
Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace.

What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:  
my Captaine, Sir Iohn Falstaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a  
most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a  
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?  
may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommo-  
dated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,  
too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is  
it: good phrases are surely, and euery where very com-  
mendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommoda-  
very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase  
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but  
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a  
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good  
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is  
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being  
whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an  
excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir  
Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good  
hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares  
very well. Welcome, good Sir Iohn.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shal-  
low: Master Sure-card as I thinke?

Shal. No Sir Iohn, it is my Cousin Silence: in Commis-  
sion with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be of  
the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you  
prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we Sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's  
the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:  
yea marry Sir. Raphe Mouldie: let them appeare as I call:  
let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is  
Mouldie?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir Iohn) a good limb'd fel-  
low: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-  
die, lacke vs: very singular good. Well saide Sir Iohn,  
very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was pricke well enough before, if you could  
haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for  
one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery: you need  
not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe  
out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Mouldie, you shall goe. Mouldie,  
it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace: stand aside: Know you  
where you are? For the other Sir Iohn: Let me see: Simon  
Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to  
be a cold fouldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Heere Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-  
thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow  
of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers  
substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir Iohn?

Fal. Shadow will serue for Summer: prick him: For  
wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vpp the Muster-  
Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Sir Iohn?

Fal. It on his back him no more

Shal. Ha

Francis Feeble

Feeble. K

Shal. W

Feeble. A

Shal. Sh

Fal. You

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Fal. Old,

Shal. Nay